

THE DESIGNS OF THE GOVERNMENT.

The designs of the Government are becoming, every day more and more apparent. Scarcely a mail reaches us from Washington, but reveals some new scheme of iniquity, wholly repugnant to the feelings and wishes of the great majority of the people, and entirely at variance with the legitimate spirit of our form of government.

It can no longer be concealed, that the conquest of Mexico, and the annexation of its richest provinces to the United States of America, has been, all along, and is now the grand object held in view by those who have so successfully plotted as to bring the two countries into a war with each other. No reasonable pretext existed for this war; and so it was brought about by a system of cunning and chicanery that would have disgraced the diplomacy of the most barbarous days of the old republics, and have blackened with a deeper and darker dye, the memories even of a Scylla and a Marius.

We may boast of our republicanism, and our free institutions as much as we please; the first is a lie, and the second exists only in name or in form. The people cannot be free, when the dictators of slavery are the supreme law of the land; and we cease to be a republic so long as we willingly submit to the decrees of a soulless, selfish oligarchy. The people do not rule; but 200,000 slaveholders instead—deny it, who can? The people have submitted to one indignity and wrong after another, from those who have usurped the powers not vested in them by the Constitution; and now the dictators feel so strong in their success that it dares to do anything and every thing that its own selfishness may suggest to strengthen the power of those who desire to perpetuate the curse of slavery and extend its area further and wider. And Northern men are found, to their shame be it spoken, who will lend themselves to the bidding of the powers that be, in aid of a course of proceedings which will cover its authors with infamy and disgrace so long as the history of the republic shall endure. The letter that follows was recently laid before the Senate of the United States in obedience to a call from that body upon the executive for information in regard to the President's war. Read it, friends, and see how, by secrecy and stealth, the Administration is plotting to prevent the termination of the war with Mexico, shall be conquered with arms; behold, how like pirate's caves, and pirates, the offices and offices of this great republic have become.

WAR DEPARTMENT, June 26, 1849.

Sir,—The President having determined to send a Regiment of Volunteers around Cape Horn to the Pacific to be employed in prosecuting hostilities to some province of Mexico, probably in Upper California, has authorized me to say, personally and confidentially, to you, that the Government has decided to send one of our regiments to Mexico, and tender its services, it would be accepted. It is proper that it should be done with the consent of the Governor of New-York. The President expects and indeed requires, that great care should be taken to have it composed of soldiers, men of good habits—as far as practicable of various pursuits, and such as would be likely to remain at the end of the war, either in Oregon or in any other territory in that region of the Globe, which may be a part of the United States. The act of the 12th of May, authorizes the acceptance of volunteers for twelve months, or during the war with Mexico. The condition of the acceptance in this case must be a tender of service during the war, and it must be explicitly understood, that they may be discharged without a claim for returning home wherever they may be serving at the termination of the war, provided it is in the territory of the United States, or may be taken to the nearest and most convenient territory belonging to the United States.

The men must be apprized that their term of service is for the war—that they are to be discharged as above specified, and that they are to be employed on distant service. It is, however, very desirable that it should not be publicly known or proclaimed, that they are to go to any particular place. On this point great caution is enjoined.

The communication to the officers and men must go so far as to remove all just grounds of complaint, that they have been deceived in the nature and the place of the service.

It is expected that the Regiment will be in readiness to embark as early as the first of August next; if practicable, steps will be immediately taken to provide for transportation.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

W. L. MARCY, Secretary of War.

Col. J. D. STEVENSON, New-York City.

STATISTICS OF SLAVERY.

Rice, introduced into South Carolina in 1693, was the first important staple of the extreme South. The average annual quantity exported from that State in the last years before the Revolution, was one hundred and forty-two thousand barrels. Indigo was introduced from the West Indies in 1741 or 1742, and became the most profitable article of export on the annual export before the Revolution, amounting to more than a million of pounds. At the end of about forty years more, some experiments were made in the culture of cotton, little suspected then of being destined to be so long a time the preponderant element in American politics. In 1783, just after the peace, eight bales of cotton were sent by the custom house to Liverpool, it not being believed that America could produce so large a quantity of that product. In 1789, the cotton crop of the United States (that is, substantially, of South Carolina and Georgia) amounted to a million pounds; in 1801, to nearly five millions; in 1811, (Louisiana having been purchased meanwhile,) to eight millions; in 1821, to thirteen millions; and in 1831, to thirty-three millions; and at the present time it is not less than a thousand millions, being considerably more than that of all the rest of the world together. The inferior cotton of the South West sold in 1818 at thirty-five and forty cents a pound. Slaves, the makers of cotton, of course rose in value with what they raised. The aggregate value of slaves in the Southern States was estimated by Mr. Gerry in 1790 at ten millions of dollars. (Elliott's Debates, vol. 4, part 2, page 214.) Ten or fifteen years ago, Mr. Clay estimated it at twelve hundred millions. Justice and liberty, it was clear, would have to maintain themselves against fearful odds. The South Carolina cotton of blood to drachman was a magnificent export. The Virginian plantation of abolition, so vivid in 1787, had become as a dream when one awoke.—Boston Whig.

FATHER CRAVENS.

A FAITHFUL MINISTER in the South who was NOT KILLED.—We have long suspected that the plain gospel at the South was greatly endangered. We have some reason for entertaining the opinion that the real danger is, that the preacher's popularity would suffer with the aristocracy of the land if he should pursue an even course in his religious teachings.

Let them honestly follow Father Cravens' example and we shall see whether the Lord will prosper them. We find the following anecdote credited to the Southern Christian Advocate:

The Rev. Wm. Cravens was among the early Methodists of Rockingham Co., Va. He owned a number of slaves who he embraced religion; but he let the oppressed go free. Subsequently an constant war was waged against the abolitionists of slavery, and intemperance, that it became a common saying among the people that Father Cravens could not preach a sermon without having a negro and a bottle of whiskey in it.

He had a wealthy and respectable neighbor by the name of Miller, who was a professed Deist. Miller died with a consumption. Some short time before his death he sent for Father Cravens. The old servant of God went immediately, and when he came into Mr. M.'s room said to him, "Well Harry, (the name of Mr. M. was familiarly called in the neighborhood,) did you send for me?"

He answered, "I did, Mr. Cravens."

"And what do you want with me, Harry?"

"I find, Mr. Cravens, that I must soon leave this world, and I find I am not prepared to die. I want you to pray for me and give me some instructions how I may prepare to stand before the Savior whom I have so long slighted."

Mr. C. replied, "I thought it would come to this. Alluding to Mr. M.'s profession of Deism; but what have you done about your negroes?"

Mr. M. informed him that he had made his will, and settled all his worldly concerns; that he had divided his slaves among his heirs.

To which the preacher replied, "I can't pray for you, Harry. I would as soon pray for the devil, as to pray for you; you are about to rivet the chains of bondage on your fellow-men with your dying breath—to make them and their posterity, the right which God and your God, and the God who is no respecter of persons, gave them. It is not possible that

God can have mercy upon you. If you expect mercy of a righteous God, you must at least do justice to your fellow-men, and this you cannot do unless you let the oppressed go free. Good day, Harry; and thus left the sick man.

It was not long before the preacher was again sent for, when he asked again, "What have you done with your negroes?"

But a very different answer was given. Miller informed him that he had very seriously considered what the preacher had said at his first interview; that he had seen the injustice of slavery, and made a new will, and set all his slaves free.

Brother C. exclaimed, "I will pray for you now, Harry, and I am sure God will have mercy on you too."

He prayed and conversed with the sick man frequently, visited him often, and as far as it can be known in the world, the Lord was entreated. Mr. M. obtained mercy, and died in peace.

COOL IMPUDENCE.

Gen. Taylor has issued a proclamation to the Mexicans, of which the following is a copy. It is said to have had some weight with the natives about Matamoros, and large numbers of copies had been sent into the interior.

A PROCLAMATION.

By the General Command of the Army of the United States of America: To the people of Mexico.

After many years of patient endurance, the United States are at length constrained to acknowledge that a war now exists between our government and the government of Mexico.

For many years our citizens have been subjected to repeated insults and injuries; our vessels and cargoes have been seized and confiscated; our merchants have been plundered, mistreated, imprisoned, without cause and without reparation. At length our government acknowledged the justice of our claims, and agreed by treaty to make satisfaction, by payment of several millions of dollars, but this treaty has been violated by your rulers, and the stipulated payments have been withheld.

Our late effort to terminate all difficulties by peaceful negotiation, has been rejected by the Dictator, Paredes, and our minister of peace, whom your rulers had agreed to receive, has been refused a hearing. He has been treated with indignity and insult, and Paredes has announced that war exists between us.

This war, thus first proclaimed by him, has been acknowledged as an existing fact by our President and Congress, with perfect unanimity, and with the approval of our people, and our army and our rulers; but those of the Mexican people who remain neutral will not be molested.

Your government is in the hands of tyrants and usurpers. They have abolished your state governments; they have overthrown your federal constitution; they have deprived you of the right of suffrage, and they have destroyed your property, and your arms, and reduced you to a state of absolute dependence upon the power of military dictators.

Your army and your rulers extort from the people by force, the very money which sustains the tyrants in power. Being dissatisfied with the despotic rule of your rulers, you have been left defenseless, and are now in the hands of your oppressors, who not only destroy your lives and property, but drive into a captivity more horrible than death itself, your wives and children. It is your military rulers who have reduced you to this deplorable condition.

It is these tyrants, and their corrupt and cruel satellites, gorged with the people's treasure, by whom you are thus oppressed and impoverished, some of whom have boldly advocated a monarchical government, and would place a European Prince upon the throne of Mexico.

We come to obtain a reparation for repeated wrongs and injuries—we come to claim indemnity for the past, and security for the future—we come to overthrow the tyrants who have destroyed your liberties—but we come to make no war upon the people of Mexico, nor upon any form of free government they may choose to select for themselves.

It is our wish to see you liberated from despotism—to drive back the savage Canibals—to prevent the renewal of their assaults, and to compel them to restore to you your long lost rights, your wives and children, your religion, your altars and churches, the property of your churches and citizens, the emblems of your faith and its ministers, shall be protected, and remain inviolate.

Hundreds of our army, and hundreds of thousands of our people, are members of the Catholic Church. In every State, and in nearly every city and village of our Union, Catholic Churches exist, and the priests perform their holy functions, in peace and security, under the sacred guarantee of our Constitution.

We come among the people of Mexico as friends and republican brethren, and all who receive us as such shall be protected, whilst all who are sold into the army of your dictator shall be treated as enemies. We shall want for you nothing but food for our army, and for this you shall always be paid in cash the full value. It is the settled policy of your tyrants to deprive you in regard to the policy and character of our government and people.

These tyrants fear the example of our free institutions, and constantly endeavor to misrepresent our purposes, and inspire you with hatred for your republican brethren of the American Union. Give us but the opportunity to undeceive you, and you will soon learn that all the representations of Paredes were false, and were only made to induce you to consent to the establishment of a despotic government.

In your struggle for liberty with the Spanish monarchy, thousands of our countrymen risked their own lives, and shed their blood in your defence. Our own commodore, the gallant Porter, maintained in triumph your flag upon the ocean, and our government was the first to acknowledge your independence.

With pride and pleasure we enrolled your name on the list of independent republics, and sincerely desired that you might in peace and prosperity enjoy all the blessings of free government. Success on the part of your tyrants against the army of the Union is impossible; but if they could succeed, it would only be to enable them to fill your towns with their soldiers, eating out your substance, and harassing you with still more grievous taxation.

Already they have abolished the liberty of the press, as the first step towards the introduction of that monarchy, which it is their real purpose to proclaim and establish.

Mexicans, we must treat as enemies, and overthrow the tyrants who, while they have wronged and insulted us, have deprived you of your liberty, but the Mexican people who remain neutral during the contest, shall be protected against their military despotism by the republican army of the Union.

Z. TAYLOR,

Major General U. S. A. Commanding.

PROPOSAL OF PEACE.

The following resolution proposed by Mr. J. R. Ingels, in the U. S. House of Representatives, on Friday last, will recommend itself to men of all parties, in this part of the country, at least. The resolution was read for information, but its reception being objected to by Messrs. Rathbun and Dromgoole, it could not be considered at that time without a suspension of the rules, and consequently lay over till next day.

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States, that "That at a period and under circumstances when no liberty exists to misconstruction of the measure, or danger of imprisonment of the motives which induce it, a reasonable effort should be made consistently with national dignity and honor, for the restoration of peace between the Republic of the United States and that of Mexico."

That the Senate and House of Representatives respectfully recommend to the President that he do, if, in his judgment, it be expedient, to open with Mexico a negotiation for the purpose of closing the present war, of stopping the effusion of human blood, and of providing a permanent and satisfactory arrangement of all existing differences. That the offer now recommended cannot be a failure (whatever may be its reception and its ultimate consequences, alike honorable to the country and beneficial to the cause of justice. If accepted in a spirit corresponding with that which prompts it, this nation will be restored to its natural progressive course of prosperity and happiness, and will cease to itself a sentiment of universal grief. If refused, from whatever cause the refusal may arise, the nation which assumes a responsibility so full of threatened wretchedness, will deprive

itself of every claim to the sympathy of the world; and this government and country will assume a position so lofty and so firm, that humanity itself will sanction a necessary continuance of the ravages of war.

That no impediment exists to a communication with the government of Mexico, by reason either of hostilities between the two countries, or a disturbed state of public affairs in one of them. Intercourse may be opened, if necessary, from army to army, even at the point of the bayonet, or with better hopes, through the amicable agency of a friendly foreign power.

Laws of the South.—Highway robbery and murder are often suffered to pass at the South with a very slight, if any punishment, while that of negro stealing is made a capital offence. Recently at Charleston a man has been sentenced to only a few months imprisonment and a slight fine, for highway robbery, while another (William Smith) has been sentenced to be hung for negro stealing.

The above has appeared in several exchanges. Is it understood what negro stealing is? It does not consist of stealing a free negro to make a slave of him, but in taking an enslaved negro to make a free man of him! That's negro stealing, punishable with death.—True Witness.

Preachers for the South.—We think the instruction of the blacks in the South, should be committed wholly to white men, and they should be Southern men, in whom the masters have confidence. If the preacher is himself a slaveholder, as are Mr. JONES and Mr. LAW, they will command greater confidence, and have access to the larger number of plantations. Georgia Christian Index.

This Mr. Jones is the pious hypocrite whose efforts to demonstrate that the slaves did not need the Bible, have been so much praised in this State. If we recollect right he is an Andover theologian, who said last year that he preaches to the slaves that it is wicked to run away, and that Paul sent a slave back to his master. That is Andover instruction.—Liberty Standard.

THE LIBERATOR.

BOSTON, AUGUST 7, 1846.

Until further notice, letters and communications for Mr. GARRISON must be addressed to him, to the care of GEORGE THOMPSON, Esq., Waterloo Place, London.

LETTERS FROM MR. GARRISON.—NO. 1.

HALIFAX, Sunday morning, 10 o'clock, July 19, 1846.

MY DEAR QUINCY:

The average trip of the steam-ships from Boston to Halifax is, I believe, about forty hours. Ours has occupied sixty-six. With a head wind all the way, and a dense fog half the way, we made comparatively slow progress. Yesterday afternoon, we struck on a reef, and had a very narrow escape; the particulars of which, I have communicated in a letter to my wife. At this moment, the carpenters are at work, repairing the damage which was done to the Britannia, (entirely at the bows,) and it is expected that we shall be ready to start this afternoon. I believe no one of our numerous passengers thinks of remaining behind in consequence of this accident. They all behaved with remarkable firmness and composure—none more so than the ladies. There was no screaming, no weeping; though tears have fallen, and screams been uttered, in cases of far less peril. Capt. Hewitt showed by his countenance, that he felt it to be a very serious occasion; but he exhibited the best qualities of a commander, and succeeded in extricating us from our perilous situation with the least possible excitement.

This will be my fifth voyage, and third mission, across the Atlantic. I could wish, as a matter of personal accommodation, that there was "no more sea"—for I very much prefer land to water, as a basis for travelling; but what would please me, would not please others, and far be it from any one to think that either the land or the ocean can be safely dispensed with! He may do what he can to abridge distances, by additional speed, and thus to "annihilate time and space"—but to more than this he may not aspire.

Hitherto, I have not found the society of those with whom I have crossed the Atlantic, at all calculated to relieve the tediousness of the voyage. Though dressed as gentlemen, and claiming to be such, they have generally shown themselves to be vulgar, in taste, and perverse in appetite; giving themselves up to wine, brandy, gin, whiskey and porter drinking, smoking and chewing that nauseous weed tobacco, playing cards for gain as well as for amusement, and carousing more or less boisterously to a late hour. Of course, it was useless to expect of them any sympathy for any of the reforms of the day. Anti-slavery they could not tolerate; tea-totism excited their contempt; the way of peace, they knew not; non-resistance to enemies they scoffed at. In the present instance, there seems to be considerable improvement. A fair portion of the passengers goes for total abstinence; there is less smoking than usual; less also of profanity; and those who call for the intoxicating drink are evidently restrained in the use of it by the abstemiousness of those who sit around them. Perhaps we shall have more of excess, after we are fairly launched on the broad Atlantic; but I hope not.

We are all "foreigners" on board—that is, we hail from the various quarters of the globe; the larger proportion, of course, being Englishmen and Americans. Persons are talking around me in "an unknown tongue," not as a matter of privacy, not to conceal from me or others what they have to say, but in the language which they understand, and in social intercourse. I am not apt to be over-curious; but I wish I could understand them—I wish I knew what they were talking about! It is very painful to me to hear human speech, and yet as nothing better than jargon. This "confusion of tongues" on earth is no irreparable ordination of God, rely upon it. It is a shame and a curse to mankind. We must get rid of it, for "order is heaven's first law," and the way to get rid of it is to see and feel that it is unnatural and monstrous, and to conspire for the discovery of a universal language. A man has really no more need to use two dialects, than he has to eat with two mouths, or to walk with four legs! What if he rejoins in the East or West, the North or South? What if he be an European, American, African or Asiatic? Has he not the same vocal powers of utterance? Why not speak, then, so as to be understood by every body? As for your learned men—your linguists—they can be dispensed with as readily as any other class of supernumeraries, when every body talks as every body ought to talk. You see what a hobdy this is with me, and how confidently I dogmatize about it; but remember, I am in the midst of a Babel confusion, without an interpreter, and endurance has passed its bounds. All hail to Phonography and Phototypy, as the first steps in the grand march toward the universal redemption of human speech from the yokes and fetters now fastened upon it!

It is an effort for me to hold my pen. I am weak and dizzy from the effect of the voyage to this place, and ought to go ashore to derive new strength from the embrace of mother earth. But, it being uncertain at what hour we start, I feel in duty bound to send you this poor epistle, rather than to occupy any time in rambling about the town. On the water,

it is almost impossible for me to think with precision, or to write in an intelligible manner; and it is almost as difficult a task for me to read any volume, however interesting. I feel more like becoming oblivious to every thing around me,—to pen, ink, paper, and books,—until my feet are once more planted upon the dry land. On Friday, I succeeded in giving Theodore Parker's "Sermon of War" a careful perusal; and though on listening to its delivery I derived great satisfaction, the reading of it has much enhanced its value, in my estimation. It ought to be put into the hands of the PEOPLE.—I use this word in an emphatic sense. Let every farmer, mechanic, working-man, operative, have a copy of it. Ten thousand dollars could not be better expended than in giving it a gratuitous circulation throughout the country. Its arguments and appeals go home to the understanding and conscience; its facts and figures are as irresistible as demonstration itself. I like the vigor of its rebuke, the strength of its denunciation, the boldness of its implication, the freshness of its style. I saw, in a London number of the Christian Watchman, a carping, sneering, bigoted review of this sermon, by its anti-reform, anti-human, anti-Christian editor, Crowell, whose name you will find on the list of the Executive committee of the American Peace Society, together with that of Hubbard Winslow! It is an outrage on decency for such men to pretend to be the friends of peace.

I wish I could be with you all, in bodily presence, at the celebration of the approaching First of August. In spirit I shall see and commune with each one of you. Whether in the body or out of it, I am for universal liberty—and ever

Yours, affectionately,
WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

The following is the letter referred to above, and which we have liberty to publish:

Saturday, July 12—11 o'clock, A. M.

MY DEAR WIFE:

We are now within two hours' sail of Halifax, but advancing cautiously, being surrounded by a dense fog, which is pretty sure to be met with on this coast at all seasons of the year, and which is always the source of embarrassment, and sometimes of peril, to navigation. It defies all nautical skill and calculation, and is therefore more unmanageable than a "young hurricane." We started with the wind "dead ahead," and it continues so to this hour. I have not, as yet, been positively seasick, (though I am always sick of the sea,) but my stomach has been in a state of semi-rebellion nearly all the way. Twice I have been unable to go to the table; and for at least one half of the passage I have been in my berth. In a day or two, however, I shall hope to be myself again, and a little more beside, as I usually grow more robust, in proportion to the length of the voyage.

Thus far, nothing has occurred worth relating. We have on board 107 passengers, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Spaniards, Americans, &c.; yet brother men all. Several clergymen, I understand, are with us, on their way to the Evangelical Alliance Convention, or the World's Temperance Convention. We have at least one southern man, a General Flournoy of Kentucky, a delegate to the Temperance Convention, and I hope not a slaveholder.

3 o'clock, P. M.

The fog still continues, only growing more dense. It is impossible to say precisely where we are, though we cannot be very far from the land. The "leaves" are constantly going, to ascertain how deep is the water. Now we have more than 100 fathoms; now it is 90; now it is less than 70; now it is 27! This is "shooting" very fast. We are going at the rate of only four or five miles an hour. Capt. Hewitt, the commander, is said to be a very experienced officer, and evidently feels how great is the responsibility resting upon him. I have just said to him that we had better be ten days too cautious, than one hour too precipitate. We have a regular pilot on board, who left Boston with us. We are now in 24 fathoms of water. Scarcely five minutes have elapsed, and the Britannia strikes hard with her bows on a reef! Some say, we have run against a rock; others, that we are on a sandy bottom. One thing is certain—the steamer is hard and fast, with only 2-1-2 fathoms at her bows, and four or five fathoms at her stern and side. This is a moment of intense seriousness, not unattended with feelings of alarm; but there is no outcry, and no very perceptible agitation among the passengers. Some are resorting to their life-preservers, in case we are compelled to leave in the boats. The false keel of the vessel, at the bows, has broken off, and floated away; but, happily, there is no leak. We can see the bottom, which is sandy, and covered with grass. Our wheels are reversed, and every effort is making to "back out." Our first attempts are abortive; but, in the course of five or ten minutes, to the joy of all, we are once more afloat. In a few minutes, we strike again, nearly midship, and anxiety is again on every countenance. Our boat is out, with the second mate and four or five seamen, sounding with the lead in various directions, so as to find deep water, and a way of escape. We are evidently on a reef. Some think it is "Cow Bay"—others, that we are near the "Devil's Island"—but it is all guess-work. The night is approaching, which adds to our perplexity; but once more we are afloat! A small coasting vessel is dimly seen through the fog; our boat goes to it for information, but the captain can give none, as he says he is not acquainted with the coast, and does not know where he is. He declines coming any nearer to us, and we lose sight of him entirely. We have two cannon on board, which have been fired repeatedly; and though they must be heard at a great distance, we get no response. The sun is now nearly at its setting, and the curtain of fog is lifted for a short time, so as to enable us to get a tolerable observation. We are again in deep water, and for safely stand off from the coast, and retrace our steps. Fog, fog, fog—nothing but fog; and this continues all night. When shall we have clear weather?

Sunday morning—6 o'clock.

I have just left my berth, and come on deck. The fog still continues, but we are now in plain sight of the land, not far from Camperdown—say 15 or 20 miles from Halifax. At eight o'clock, we are along side of the wharf—all safe, and in good spirits. How long we shall remain here is uncertain. There is to be an examination of the bottom of the steamer, and probably her false keel is to be repaired. Of course, all will be made right and fast before we leave. Give yourself no anxiety, and to the remainder of the voyage. All the more vigilance will be exercised, in consequence of the escape we have made.

We saw the steamer Cambria, some distance from us, early on Friday morning, having on board (I suppose) our beloved friend James N. Buffan, and the Hutchinson family. They probably arrived in Boston, on Friday evening. I would have given several guineas, if I could have seen J. N. B. for one hour. My loving regards to him.

Yours, G. Garrison.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

REPLY TO C. M. CLAY.

Weymouth, near Boston, July 25, 1846.

DEAR MR. CLAY:

Your letter of June 30th, announcing your departure for the seat of war in three days, was received with a feeling of the deepest regret that the human heart can experience; for there is no pain like that which accompanies the conviction that we have been mistaken in the bestowing of high esteem—that those whom we honored, have been tried and found wanting.

Do not mistake me so much as to think that I have judged you by my own standard. I have always felt and seen the great difference between the absolute right of the anti-slavery men of the North, and the relative right that you proposed as your object; between their immovable adherence to principle, and your changeable obedience to impulse; between your preference of what was politic, and their devotion to what was right; between your choice of evil, and their conviction that no evil can befall a man so bad, compared with the moral degradation of deliberately choosing even the least evil.

I have always felt that your anti-slavery was, so to speak, provincial, in comparison with that sublime and magnificent cause, to which I have bound myself—the cause of freedom for the race as the only basis of moral excellence—the cause of man and the cause of God. Still I felt the deepest interest in your progress; and the very depth of that interest has, perhaps, deceived me into thinking I saw an advance, where there was no movement in reality. I hailed most joyfully, for example, the omission of the words "gradual emancipation" from the motto of the True American. "A little experience shows him," I thought, "the folly of expecting to change the minds of a strong-willed people without driving deep the principle on which he builds into the very foundations of the moral being." I thought, too, that I discerned a corresponding perception of the nature of force as opposed to freedom, and I blessed your name as affording the promise of a noble auxiliary in the holy cause of Freedom, to which every American ought to devote himself, as the first and most imperative duty.

I am ready to blame myself, if it were so that my wishes biased my private judgment as to your exact moral position. But I have not trusted them, nor taken them into the account in making up my mind as to your recent action consequent upon the Congressional assumption of the war in behalf of slavery.

Will you pardon me, dear Mr. Clay, if I affirm, as in conscience bound to do, that the judgment of abolitionists, of which the Liberator may be taken as the exponent, does not call me to sever? I beseech you to hesitate to call it so; for if it be, what invaluable self-condemnation is there in your own words, uttered here in Massachusetts!

I ask if there be under heaven, any reason why this project, then, is urged upon us in all this haste, but for the avowed, single, the damnable purpose of extending Slavery over the union fifty millions of Texas, and perpetuating the slave rule over us and our posterity. Once more, I repeat, an against it, now AND FOREVER. The Romans made their prisoners of war pass under a yoke, to label them their servitude. Here is a yoke labelled "War and perpetual Slavery." Shall the future historian write it, that the descendants of the patriots of '76 were in aid to the slaveholder in 1846, and voluntarily submitted their necks to bondage, gladly prostrating themselves before the heel of the tyrant?

We trample upon the most sacred treaty between Mexico and the United States, and rush over the Constitution, to war in this treasonous purpose; and in such a war, according to the laws of nations, it is not only the right, but the bounden duty, of all Christians to come in to the help of Mexico, and reduce us to a sense of common justice. And in such a war, when the banner of 1776, right against might, once borne by us, is now borne by them—when shall be called upon to rally to the standard of my country inscribed with "ETERNAL SLAVERY," I am bold in the assertion that though I profess to be as brave as most men, I have no heart for such a contest—I AM A COWARD IN SUCH A CASE! On our own soil, in defence of our own rights, I defy the world in arms—but in such a cause as this, if the Bible be true, we cannot succeed. If history be not a fable, we cannot hold permanent conquest. "They who live by the sword shall perish by the sword," and at all times, dominions based upon unjust conquest, have fallen to sudden ruin, and ultimate retributive desolation! This republic must stand upon justice, a high moral sentiment, or else it cannot stand at all!

Whatever might have been my opinions on other subjects connected with our cause, here there existed perfect agreement between us. No new light has been cast upon my path by the assumption of the war by Congress. I knew before that this was a slave-holding nation—under a slave-holding government—bound together by the willing allegiance of an immense majority, to a slave-holding constitution. It can make no change in my feelings, my principles, or my course; that this majority, whose tyrannical will was so undoubted in peace, should proceed to the further manifestation of war. I still remain on the spot where you stood with me, while you have suffered yourself to be dragged into the ranks of the embattled defenders of slavery. Ah, Sir! how you feel as if we were alienated from you? Do you not see that it is you whom slavery has contrived to alienate from us? It is an unfortunate comparison you make, when you ask if the father be not bound to rescue his children from the consequences of their crime, for to pursue it is suicidal to your argument. No one will elude it to be the duty of the father to participate in his children's crime, or to preserve the form of his country's existence at the cost of her honor and his own. What sophistry bewitders you, my friend, on this point? Shall such as you and I give the sacred name of country to the slave-holding United States? "Alas, poor country! afraid to know herself, she cannot be called our mother, but our grave—Where nothing but who knows nothing is given us to smile!"

Yet one other might be allowed the patriot's lofty smile—he who refuses to aid the tyrant government in the execution of its detestable purposes—he who lifts its will though alone—he who allows no schemes of policy to tarnish his honor—no temptations of place or power to make him even seem to quit the side of the oppressed—he who sees and binds himself to what is universal and eternal—whose country is the world and whose countrymen are all mankind! Yet to him and to such as him, to whom every historical precedent, the character of patriot more peculiarly pertains, who wholly deny the name. Then you think narrow-minded—then you seem to consider reasonable. Such a difference in the estimation of things it is very safe for them, (using your own words,) "to leave to the arbitrament of coming time."

What has Mr. Garrison done, that you should call him dictatorial, or say that he attempts to think for you? When he saw you going with the majority to fight for slavery, and siding with the master against the slave, he blamed you for it; and the rather, because what you had previously said, showed that you were acting now, against your better knowledge and feelings, under the pressure of strong political temptation. And you assume to be made of as stern stuff as I? Ah, my friend! if it were but so, how much pain would it have saved yourself and us! How much suffering would it have lifted from the oppressed! What cause of exaltation would have been reaped over which the enemies of Freedom raise the shout of scorn and mirth!

While nothing doubting that the self-deception you have practiced, amounts at last to sincerity, I deeply feel the mortification of your fall.

Do not expect from me a different moral judgment in this case from what you would look for at the hands of a high-minded man. In

POETRY.

HONOR TO LABOR.

From the German—By Mary Howitt.

Who'er the ponderous hammer wields—
Whoe'er compels the earth to flourish—
Or reaps the golden harvest fields,
A wife and little ones to nourish;
Whoever guides the laden bark—
Or, where the mazy wheels are turning,
Toils at the loom till after dark,
Food for his white-haired children earning—
To him be honor and renown!
Honor to handicraft and tillage!
To every sweat-drop falling down
In crowded mill or lonesome village!
All honor to the plodding swain
Who holds the plow—Be'to award
To him who works with head and brain,
And strives!—pass him not unregarded.

Whether in chambers close and small,
Mid' dusty toils be fancy smothered—
Or of the trade the bondage thrall,
He drags the weight, or sows for others;
Or whether he for wretched pay,
Translates the stuff which he despises—
Or, learning's self, put day by day,
Dances through classic exercises;
He also is a prey to care,
To him 'tis said, 'Beg thou or borrow!'—
Gray grows his hair, his raven hair,
And to the grave pursues him sorrow!
With hard compulsion and with need,
He like the rest must strive untiring;
And his young children's cry for bread
Mains his free spirit's glad aspiring.

Ah! such a one to me was known:
With heavenward aim his course ascended;
Yet, dead in dust and darkness prone,
Care, sordid care his life attended.
An exile, and with bleeding breast,
He groined in his severest trial;
Went godless him to long unrest,
And scorched to bitterest self-denial.

Thus heart-sick, wrote he line on line,
With hollow cheek and eye of sadness;
While hysanth and leafy vine
Were fluttering in the morning's gladness.
The thrush sang and nightingale,
The searling lark hymned joy unending—
While thought's day laborer, worn and pale,
Over his weary book was bending.

Yet though his heart sent forth a cry,
Still strove he for the great ideal;
For this, said he, 'tis poetry,
And human life this fierce ordeal!
And when his courage left him quiet,
Oue thought kept hope his heart alive in,
'I have preserved my honor bright,
And for my dear ones I am striving!'

At length his spirit was subdued!
The power to combat and endeavor
Was gone; and his heroic mood
Came only fitfully, like fever.

The Muse's kiss, sometimes at night
Would set his pulses wildly beating;
And his soul soared toward the light,
When night from morning was retreating.

He long has lain the turf beneath:
The wild winds through the grass are sighing:
No stone is there, no mourning wreath,
To mark the spot where he is lying.
Their faces swollen with weeping, forth
His wife and children went—God save them!
Young paupers, heirs to naught on earth,
Save the pure name their father gave them!

All honor to the plodding swain
That holds the plow—Be'to award
To him who works with head and brain,
And strives!—pass him not unregarded!
To toil all honor and renown!
Honor to handicraft and tillage!
To every sweat-drop falling down
In crowded mill and lonely village!

THE DEW DROP AND THE STREAM.

The following beautiful lines, which we find in a newspaper, are said to be the production of a servant girl from Devonshire:

The lakes with golden flowers were crowned,
And melody was heard around;
When near the spot a dew-drop shed
Its lustre on a violet's head.
And trembling to the breeze it hung!
The streamlet as it rolled along,
The beauty of the morn confessed,
And thus the sparkling pearl addressed:

'Sure, little drop, rejoice we may,
For all is beautiful and gay;
Creation wears her emerald dress,
And smiles in all her loveliness.
And with delight and pride I see
That little flower bedewed by thee—
Thy lustre with a gem might vie,
While trembling in thy purple eye.'

'Ay, you may well rejoice, 'tis true,
Rejoice the radiant drop of dew;
'You will, no doubt, as you move,
To flicks and herds a blessing prove.
But when the sun ascends on high,
His beams will draw me towards the sky;
And I must own my little power—
I've but refreshed a humble flower.'

'Hold, cried the stream, 'nor thus repine,
For well 'tis known a power divine
Subservient to his will supreme,
Has made the dew-drop and the stream.
Though small thou art, (I that allow),
No mark of Heaven's contempt art thou;
Thou hast refreshed a humble flower,
And done according to thy power.'

All things that are, both great and small,
One glorious Author formed them all;
This thought may all reminding quell;
What serves his purpose, serves him well.

LINES

On seeing my Wife and two Children sleeping in the same chamber.

And has the earth lost its so spacious room,
The sky its blue circumference above,
That in this little chamber there is found
Both earth and Heaven—my universe of love!
All that my God can give me or remove,
Here sleeping, save myself in mimic death.
Sweet that in this small compass I believe
To live their living and to breathe their breath!
Almost I wish that with one common sigh,
We might resign all mundane care and strife,
And seek together that transcendent sky,
Where Father, Mother, Children, Husband, Wife,
Together pant in everlasting life.
Coblenz, Nov. 1845. Hood.

MORNING.

From amber shrouds I see the morning rise,
Her rosy hands begin to paint the skies;
And now the city awakes to leave their hire,
And rousing herds to cheerful labor drive.
High cliffs and rocks are pleasing objects now,
A favorable judgment from the mountain's brow,
The joyful birds salute the sun's approach;
The sun, too, laughs, and mounts his gaudy coach,
While from his ear the dropping dew distils,
And all the earth, and all the heavens do smile.

REFORMATORY.

From the Boston Courier.

LAW OF KINDNESS—REMEDY FOR CRIME.

There is great hope for the philanthropist in the tendencies of the public mind. Love—another name for Christianity, whose spirit and law it is—is the only remedy for moral evil. Force may restrain and control, but it cannot reform; it cannot regenerate the heart. Mrs. Child, in a recent letter from New York, tells the following anecdote, which she heard at a recent meeting of the Prison Reform Association.

Isaac T. Hopper, whose life has been one long lesson of practical benevolence, related a few highly interesting incidents that occurred while he was one of the inspectors of the Philadelphia prison. The cordial response he received from the audience at once showed how ripe the public mind is for humane and salutary changes in the treatment of criminals.

He said that Mary Norris, a middle-aged woman, who had been frequently re-committed to prison, on one occasion begged him to intercede for her, that she might go out. 'I am afraid thou wouldst come back again soon,' said he.

'Very likely, I expect to be brought back soon,' she said with stolid indifference of manner.

'Then where will be the use of letting thee out?'

'I should like to go out. It would seem good to feel free a little while, in the open air and sunshine. But if these enjoyments are so much, why dost thou allow thyself to be brought back again?'

'How can I help it? When I go out of prison, nobody will employ me. No respectable people will let me come into their houses. I must go to such friends as I have. If they steal, or commit other offences, I shall be taken up with them. Whether I am guilty or not, is of no consequence; nobody will believe me innocent. They will say, she is an old convict. Send her back to prison. That is the best place for her. O, yes, I expect to come back soon. There is no use of trying to do better.'

Much affected by her tone of utter helplessness, Friend Hopper said, 'But if I could obtain steady employment for thee, where thou wouldst be treated kindly, and be paid for thy services, wouldst thou try to behave well?'

Her countenance brightened, and she immediately replied, 'Indeed I would.'

The kind-hearted inspector used his influence to procure her dismissal, and provided a place for her head nurse in a hospital for the poor. She remained there more than seventeen years, and discharged the duties of her situation so faithfully, that she gained the respect and confidence of all who knew her.

He likewise told the story of two lads, one fifteen and the other seventeen, who had been induced by a bad father to swear falsely to gratify his own revengeful feelings. They were detected, and sent to prison. When Friend Hopper saw them arrive at dusk, handcuffed and chained together, their youth and desolate appearance touched his compassionate feelings. 'Be of good heart, my lads,' said he. 'You can retrieve this one false step if you but try. You may yet be useful and respectable men.' He took care to place them away from the common associates who had learned in vice, and from time to time he praised their good conduct, and spoke to them encouragingly of the future. After a while he proposed to the Board of Inspectors to recommend them to the Governor for pardon. He met with some opposition, but his arguments finally prevailed; and he and another gentleman were appointed to wait on the Governor. His request was granted after considerable hesitation, and they only on condition that worthy men could be found who would take them as apprentices. Friend Hopper took the responsibility, and succeeded in binding one of them to a respectable turner, and the other to a carpenter. After giving them much good advice, he told them to come to him whenever they were in difficulty, and to consider him as their father. For a long time they were in the habit of spending their leisure evenings with him, and were well pleased to come in and listen to the reading of instructive books.

These brothers became respectable and thriving mechanics, married worthy women, and brought up their families in the paths of sobriety and usefulness. In the days of their prosperity, Friend Hopper introduced them to the Governor, as the lads whom he had been so much afraid to pardon. The magistrate took them by the hand most cordially, and thanked them for the great public good they had done by their excellent example.

Patrick McKenra, a poor Irishman in Philadelphia, was many years ago sentenced to be hanged by a jury. For some reason or other, he was reprieved at the foot of the gallows, and his sentence was changed to ten years' imprisonment. He was a man of few words, and hope seemed almost dead within him; but when Friend Hopper, who became inspector during the latter part of his term, talked to him in a fatherly manner, his heart was evidently touched by the voice of kindness.

After his release, he returned again to his trade, and conducted in a very sober, exemplary manner. Friend Hopper often spoke to him words of friendly cheer, and things were going on very satisfactorily, when a robbery was committed in the neighborhood, and Patrick was suspected. His friend went to the Mayor, and inquired what proof there was that he committed the robbery. 'No proof; but he is an old convict, and that is enough to condemn him,' was the answer.

'Nay, it is not enough,' replied Friend Hopper. 'He has suffered severely for the crime he did commit, and since he has shown the most sincere desire to reform, it never ought to be mentioned against him. I think I know his state of mind, and I will take the responsibility of maintaining that he is not guilty. But to his urgent representations, he received the answer, 'he is an old convict, and that is enough.'

The poor fellow hung his head, and said in tones of despair, 'Well, then, I must make up my mind to spend the remainder of my days in prison.'

'Thou wert not concerned in this robbery,' wert thou? said Isaac, looking constantly in his face.

'Indeed I was not. God be my witness, I want to lead an honest life, and peace with all men. But what good will that do? They will always say, 'He is an old convict, and that is enough.'

Friend Hopper told him that he would stand by him. He did so; and offered to be bail for his appearance. The gratitude of the poor fellow was overwhelming. He sobbed like a child. His innocence was afterwards proved, and to the day of his death he continued a virtuous and useful citizen. What would have been his fate, if no friend had appeared to him? Kindness will do miracles.

Every human heart had refused to trust him? Kindness will do miracles, and every one should extend the reclaiming hand to the unfortunate criminal, and endeavor to win him back to virtue.

From the Salem Observer.

OPPOSITION TO THE PEACE MOVEMENT.

Circumstances may render a person excusable for not taking an active part in the dissemination of a spirit of peace, but there can be no sufficient apology for one who, in these times, persists in justifying war. With the present opinions of the civilized world in regard to the enormity of war, in itself, it is rather surprising that individuals who might be supposed to desire the good esteem of the future, can be found willing to spread abroad its corrupting morality.

The aspirations and tendencies of the times are peaceful, and if those who inform the public mind by speech and writing, would consult their duty, they would aid and advance this movement. Especially should those, who teach in schools, in churches, in the clergy and rulers, lend their influence in behalf of the growing spirit of peace, which will consummate the ends of our spiritual and social welfare. Fourth of July orators, even, are not exempted from this duty. It should be their endeavor, when called upon to celebrate the day which witnessed the establishment of a government upon higher principles than had before been thought practicable, and the commencement of a new life by a people, destined to be the pioneers of social progress, and to prove themselves independent of state errors, and will to aid the attainment of the idea of a Christian nation.

Nothing short of this in the conduct of public men will satisfy the conscience of this age, or ensure a favorable judgment from the next. No flimsy objections to 'heavenly theories' of peace as impracticable, can serve an excuse for disseminating a spirit of blood. If a 'theory' of peace is thought to be impracticable, at present, it can safely be left to the fate which the common sense of mankind will

THE LIBERATOR.

ways prepares for such schemes, but cannot be seized as an apology for hindering the approach of the time when good will may be practised on earth.

We insist that the whole course of events should be Human Brotherhood will before long be realized. Such a result will be fraught with good to all, with evil to none, and the plain duty of those who, to a great extent, the moral sentiment of the community, is to prepare for that auspicious day.

Let none stand in the way of the dawning of that peaceful era; its approach is already sufficiently slow and tedious without such hindrance; especially, let not those who the spreading of good will among men upon their position as religious and political teachers ought to be foremost in inculcating a sentiment so just, so beneficent and so christian!

We are strongly tempted to ascribe unworthy motives to such as oppose the peace movement. None of the usual objections can be urged against this cause. It is neither revolutionary, destructive, or dangerous. No injury to life or property can possibly result from the prevalence of the peaceful doctrine of Christ, but on the contrary the effect must be pure, unmixt and universal good. The motives, therefore, which lead prominent men to resist the spread of those principles, must either be base or trivial. What should we say of such, who will neither enter the kingdom of Heaven themselves nor allow others?

L.

THE CHRISTIAN REFLECTOR vs. THE PRISONER'S FRIEND.

A correspondent of the Reflector has seen fit, in hostility to the progress of reform, to attack the Friend on the ground that it encouraged the criminal to continue in his crime, and lent its sympathy to the criminal alone, withholding it from the victims. The Reflector, however, in characteristic manner, refused to admit a reply from another correspondent, and the reply consequently is made through the columns of the Friend. From it we extract the following:

He thinks the Prisoner's Friend encourages the criminal in his crime. If so, severity is bound to detect such persons, and punish them, and the State will punish us. But this State is wiser. It thinks differently of the work of the Prisoner's Friend. One part of that work is the relief of discharged convicts from our State's prison, who come out at the rate of about one hundred a year, mostly homeless, hopeless, poor, friendless, and without the means of subsistence. The Reflector, in characteristic manner, refused to admit a reply from another correspondent, and the reply consequently is made through the columns of the Friend. From it we extract the following:

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MISCELLANY.

SOMETHING WORTHY OF NOTICE.

When I was in Berlin I went into the public prison, and saw every part of the establishment. At last I was introduced to a very large hall which was full of children, with their books and teachers, and having the appearance of a Prussian School room. 'What,' said I, 'is it possible that all these children are imprisoned here for crime?'

'Oh no,' said my conductor, smiling at my simplicity, 'but if a parent is imprisoned for crime, and so that account his children are left destitute of the means of education, and are likely to grow up in ignorance and crime, the government places them here, and maintains and educates them for useful employment. This was a new idea to me. I know not that it has ever been suggested in the United States; but surely it is the duty of the government, as well as the highest interest of the nation, to see that the children of criminals are not left to suffer and inherit their father's vices. Surely it would be better for the child, and cheaper as well as better for the state. Let it not be supposed that a man will go to prison for the sake of leaving his children to be taken care of—for those who go to prison usually have little regard for their children. If the child, discipline like that of the Berlin prison would seem a better one than a pargain.—Pof. Stone's Report.

Isaac Walton, in his admirable Lives, after mentioning characteristic anecdotes of Herbert, adds:

'In a walk to Salisbury, he saw a poor man with a poor horse, that was fallen under his load; they were both in distress and needed present help, which Mr. Herbert perceiving, put off his canonical coat, and helped the poor man to unload, and after to lead his horse. The poor man blessed him for it, and he blessed Herbert for it, and was like the penitents of Salim, that he gave him money to refresh both himself and his horse; and told him, that if he loved himself, he would be merciful to his beast.' Thus he left the poor man, and at his coming to his musical friends at Salisbury, they began to wonder that Mr. George Herbert, who used to be so trim and clean, came into that country so dirty and discomposed; but he told them the occasion; and when one of the company told him he had 'disgraced himself by so dirty an employment,' his answer was, 'that the thought of what he had done would prove music to him at midnight; and that the omission of it would have upbraided him and made discord in his conscience; henceforward he should pass it in his distress. I am sure I am bound, as far as it is in my power, to practice what I pray for. And though I do not wish for the like occasion every day, yet let me tell you, I would not willingly pass one day of my life without comforting a sad soul, or showing mercy; and I praise God for this occasion. And now let us tune our instruments.'

WOMAN OF WOMAN. How often does the term 'abandoned' have a strictness of meaning not intended by those who use it to characterize frailty; and how many, now the scorn and outcasts of society, desperate in vice and crime, and degraded until they have lost all semblance of womanhood, would be happy, virtuous wives and mothers, but for the foul wrong and abandonment of which they have been the victims.

ANECDOTE.—The slaves at the South generally attend the same meetings with their masters, especially those attached to the Methodist Church. At a prayer-meeting, one evening, Jim prayed earnestly for his master, that he might be converted; the master was kneeling in one corner, and showed evident signs of repentance; some thought the work accomplished, and whispered to Jim, 'Mussa converted now.' Jim was incredulous, and would not believe it, until he thought he would put Mussa to the proof; so he went up behind the kneeling sinner, and whispered in his ear, 'Mussa, Jim free now?'

After a pause, he answered, 'I'll think about it, Jim.' Jim thought the work was not yet accomplished, and said, 'Mussa must have another lick!'

So to praying again he went, more earnestly than before; and the Master becoming more agitated, Jim went up behind him and repeated, 'Jim free now, Mussa?' 'Yes, Jim you can go now.' This was the evidence of the master's conversion.—Cambridge Chronicle.

Slavery in China.—The question has been frequently asked whether slavery exists in China as it does in other parts of Asia. A recent letter from that country says, that the city of Canton contains 100,000 slaves, all females. The male slaves are employed in the house and field, and are sold to the Africans, sold to servitude, mostly serving women, or second wives for the rich, who are purchased at a high price according to their beauty, varying from two to five thousand dollars. The manner of replenishing the slave-market in China is somewhat curious. A Mr. Morphy from England, remained in Canton, whence he should proceed to Havana, and after holding an interview with Santa Ana, on matters of importance, he will go to Vera Cruz on board of the British mail steamer, Mr. Morphy is said to be bearer of important dispatches to England &c. These documents are supposed to be in relation to the British mediation for the settlement of the present disturbances. If we recollect rightly Mr. Morphy holds Mexican diplomatic rank in England.

The Washington correspondent of the Charleston Mercury, writing on the 11th inst. says: 'I learnt this morning from a very reliable source, that the religion of Spain is